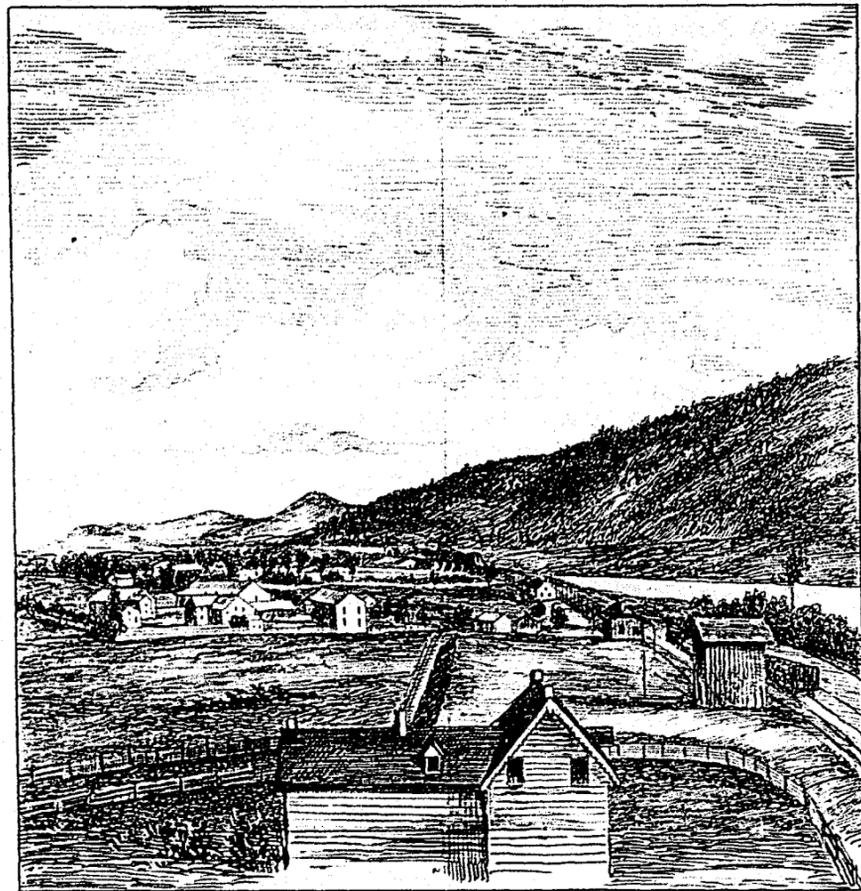


MATAPEDIA STATION.

The place represented in our picture is every summer visited by large numbers of the disciples of Izaak Walton, on account of the excellent salmon and trout fishing found in the Ristigouche there. Among the visitors last summer was the Governor-General, who, we are sure, had more pleasure in catching members of the above named "finny tribes," than in "catching it,"—we shall not say what—as he did, especially at a certain period during the meeting of Parliament, and still does occasionally. The house in the foreground—of which only the upper part is seen—was first occupied by Mr. P. Grant, the engineer of this section during the making of the railroad. The next who occupied it was Mr. Ross, one of the superintendents of repairs in the track. We suppose that Mr. Yeo, his successor, now lives in it. To the extreme right is the tank. Between it and the house already described, is the Station. In the centre of the middle ground is the Ristigouche Bridge, 1,000 feet long, which has one end in the Province of Quebec, and the other in that of New Brunswick. This bridge, and the two over the Miramichi—all of iron and stone—are the only ones of the kind on the Intercolonial Railroad. Trains are not allowed, on any account, to cross them at a greater speed than that of 15 miles an hour. Fleming, in his work on the Intercolonial Railroad, gives a very full account of the difficulties connected with the building of the Ristigouche Bridge. To the left of it, in the background, is a snow-shed in a rock cutting. The large building above the roof of the one first described, is a hotel—the only one in the place. "Mine host" is Mr. D. Frazer, more commonly called "Dan Frazer." For the reason stated in the beginning of this article, he has, of course, "lively times" during summer. Since our sketch was taken, he has made his hotel a storey higher. The building to the left of it, at the end of the long low one, is his private house. In the immediate neighbourhood are Roman Catholic church, a Protestant one, and a school house, none of which is seen in the picture. Our sketch is taken from the top of a hill, at the bottom of which is a snow shed about 1000 feet long.



SCENES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL R. R., MATAPEDIA STATION.  
FROM A SKETCH BY REV. T. FENWICK.

NO SABBATH IN AUSTRIA.—An American traveller abroad writes: Whatever else Vienna may have she certainly has no Sabbath. Unless the traveller keeps close watch of the lapse of time, he will himself forget the recurrence of Sunday; for there is nothing here—as in most other continental cities—to remind him when the Lord's day is come. We have been in Vienna two Sabbaths, and outside of our own party and a few American and English travellers, we have not heard any suggestion of the day. Traffic, work, amusements and worldly occupations have gone on just the same on the seventh as on the sixth day. Indeed the theatres and dance-houses do a better business than on any other day. The Catholic churches (for nearly everybody here is a Roman Catholic) have services on the Sabbath, and small audiences gather, but the noise of business outside drowns the voice of prayer. Continental Europe has virtually set aside the Fourth commandment.

HEBE'S LITTLE JOKE.—"Is this the telegraph office?" inquired a damsel who had apparently just arrived from some strange land where telegraphs are not.

"It is, madam," replied the urbane operator.

"Well, what will it cost," she continued, "to send this bundle to my aunt in Brooklyn? I told her if I ever got to Camden, safe and sound, I would send her a bran new cashmere dress, and—"

"But we never send bundles by telegraph," interrupted the operator.

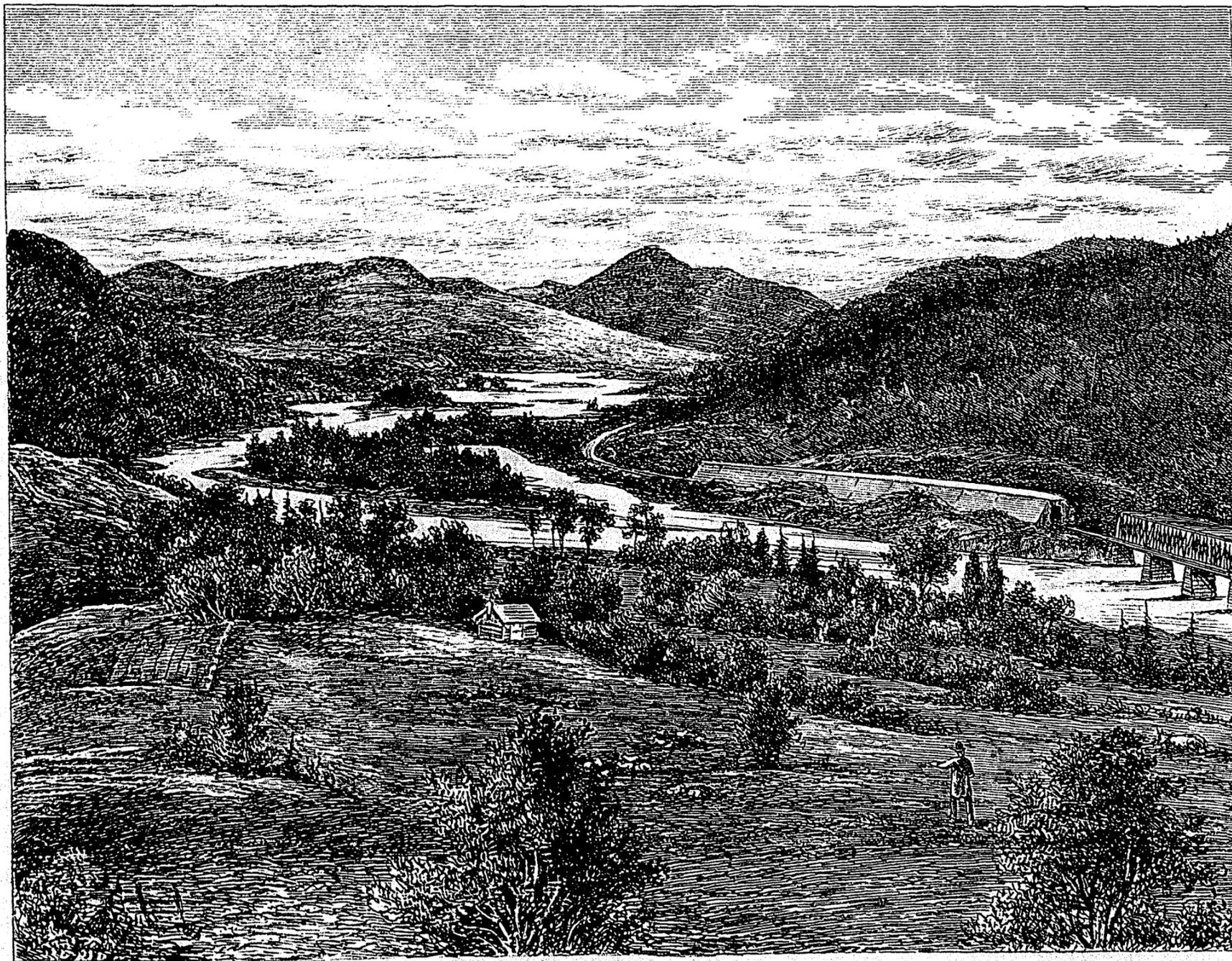
"What, never?" she replied, in great trepidation, for she had come a long distance and was a stranger in the great city.

"No, never!" he replied politely but positively.

"What, never?" she replied, and her pretty face showed plainly evidence of mingled disappointment and fear. "Now are you sure?" she continued, "that you never send bundles by telegraph—not even a wee little bundle like this?" and she held it up before him. That excellent little gentleman thought he had never seen a prettier, more innocent picture.

"Well, (a pause) hard- (a nervous twitch) ly (a scratch of the head) ev-er but I am deuced sorry I can't."

This was Hebe's little joke one day this week.



MATAPEDIA; LOOKING DOWN RIVER RISTIGOUCHE FROM A HILL BEHIND FRAZER'S.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. B. HOLLINSHEAD.